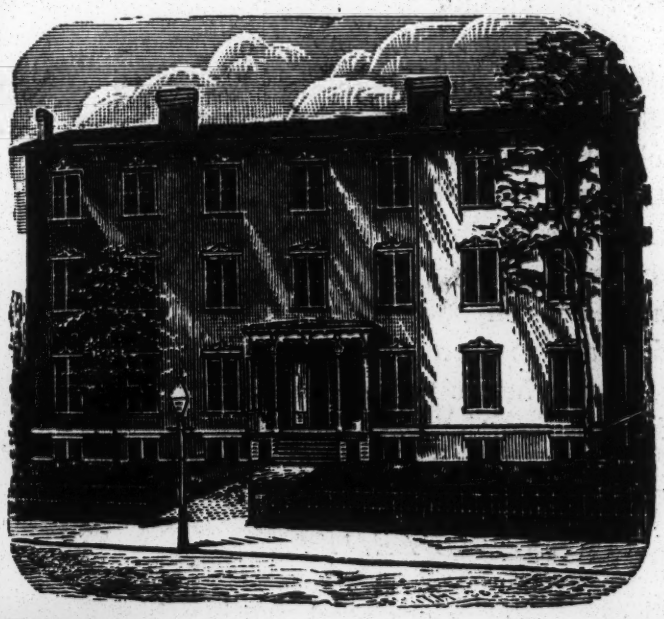
THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

—OF—

THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

VOL. 7. FEBRUARY, 1894. No. 7.

XENIA THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. 1794–1894.



THE Centennial of Xenia Theological Seminary will be celebrated in April next. It seems eminently fitting that the hundreth anniversary of this institution should be commemorated with appropriate ceremonies. It is the oldest Protestant seminary west of Philadelphia, and the oldest on the continent except perhaps one, that of the Reformed (Dutch) church at New Brunswick, N. J. The service it has rendered the church and cause of Christ cannot well be over-estimated. Its alumni are found in both our foreign mission fields, and they are scrttered over our whole country from Massachusetts to Puget sound. Other seminaries have a larger attendance of students, and are richly endowed, and are much better equipped in buildings and libraries. It is no boast to say that Xenia Seminary has the distinction of faithfully maintaining and teaching the truth of God in the training of young men for the ministry of the Gospel. A century of honest work for Christ, wherein not one teacher proved recreant to the trust committed to him, is certainly a praise-worthy record. A century of faithful service is a promise, if not a pledge, of fidelity for the future. Let us hope it is an earnest of better things to come.

A circular has been addressed to the various Women's Missionary societies within the bounds of the synods which control the seminary, asking them to aid in the effort to put this institution on a firm financial basis. That they wlll liberally respond to the appeal we do not doubt. The women of our church have often illustrated that word of Psalm 68: 11. "The women that publish the tid-

ings are a great host." We feel assured they will likewise in this instance exhibit their zeal in the cause that is dear to so many hearts. M.

[NOTE.—From an article in the *United Presbyterian*, signed "H.," we clip the following:]

It must be admitted that, within the last eighteen years, this country has had a surfeit of commemorations, most of them centennial, and that much has been done in the way of building or adorning the tombs of the prophets, in many cases, also, by persons little related in spirit and principles to the objects of their homage. Still, among these celebrations no one has been devoted, so far as I know, to reviving the memory of the founding of a theological seminary in this land so long ago as one hundred years.

Some may be ready to impute the Xenia movement to a spirit of self-conceit and vain-glory; but that charity "which thinketh no evil," will not be at a loss to find other and nobler motives to which to ascribe it. Indeed the celebration, instead of ministering to the self-complacency of those concerned, may furnish matter for self-abasement. For, is it not humiliating that, while institutions of a like kind, founded at a much later date, are amply endowed, this one should still be struggling with poverty?

Gratitude that such a school has been permitted for one hundred years to do work, and, on the whole, to do it so faithfully, may well prompt to this celebration. So, also, respect for the memory of the able and earnest men, who in bygone days occupied the post of teacher in this seminary, may fitly impel to the commemoration intended.

A desire, moreover, to create such an interest in this institution as may conduce to the acquisition of funds much needed for its support is, no doubt, an important element of the influences inclining to the celebration in question. Indeed, it is not disguised, and there is no good reason why it should be concealed, that the prospective commemoration will be made the occasion of an appeal for pecuniary aid in behalf of the seminary. And surely there are few objects in behalf of which a stronger appeal can be made than a seminary which is expected to furnish in the future, as it has in the past, a very considerable proportion of the ministers of the church.

DO YOU KNOW THE LADY?

I know a lady in this land
Who carries a Chinese fan in her hand,
But in her heart does she carry a thought
Of her Chinese sister who carefully wrought
The dainty, delicate, silken toy,
For her to admire and for her to enjoy?
This lady has on parlor floor
A lovely rug from the Syrian shore;
Its figures are woven with curious art.
I wish that my lady had in her heart
One thought of love for those foreign homes
Where the light of the Gospel never comes.

To shield my lady from chilling draught
Is a Japanese screen of curious craft:
She takes the comfort its presence gives,
But in her heart not one thought lives,
Not even one little thought—ah me!—
For the comfortless homes that lie over the sea.

My lady in gown of silk is arrayed;
The fabric soft was in India made:
Does she think of the country whence it came?
Will she make an offering in His name
To send the perfect heavenly dress,
The mantle of Christ's own righteousness,
To those who are poor, and sad, and forlorn,
To those who know not that Christ is born?

Woman's Work for Women.

LIFE IN INDIA.

A FEW years spent in India teaches one not to be surprised at anything. We are expected to be able to *do* almost everything and to *know* almost everything.

One day an old man stopped me in the road and inquired most earnestly. "Is it going to rain to-morrow?" Now, we do not have a weather bureau in that land, and of course I had to tell him, I could not say whether it would rain or shine on the morrow. He looked disappointed and said: "I surely thought you would be able to tell me that. Doesn't your book—the Bible—tell you?"

I was always willing to help and advise our people in all matters, except the one of match-making. But I was drawn into that one day. A young man came to me and said he did wish I would help him in a matter which greatly troubled him; would I help him in finding a suitable helpmeet? I explained that I had no experience in that line of work, and had no idea what kind of a girl he would fancy. "Oh! it does not matter in the least," he said, "so she is a Christian." He pleaded so long and so well, I finally consented to look about me and speak a good word for him. At last, after a great deal of correspondence and many interviews with the young man and his mother, a girl was found in the boarding school who was to be honored by a proposal of marriage from him. I learned afterwards that this was the very girl he had long before decided to have, and that her mother had been spoken to and her consent obtained; all this before I had been importuned to give a helping hand. I found in that case I was not greatly needed, except to make the public arrangements, and I would have been a convenient person for the husband to have placed the responsibility of getting him such a wife, if he had not been pleased with her. But he did not do, as so many have, when a meal has not been cooked properly or when an attack of indigestion has rendered the temper peppery, say to to me: "See what a wife you secured for me; she does not know how to cook, she is disobedient and I wish I had never taken your advice in getting a wife."

The ordinary Hindu boy is 14 and the girl 12 years of age when the arrangements are made for their marriage; so it follows that there can be but little choice on their part. The bride is not supposed to see the face of the bridegroom until the ceremony has been performed. The Hindus have men and women whose work it is to arrange for marriages. In the Punjab the barber is the professional match-maker. He possesses an unlimited supply of charity, that Christian virtue which covers a multitude of sins. He never finds fault with any boy or girl of marriageable age. The man may be full of leprosy, the young woman as ugly as one of Shakespeare's witches, yet he sees no defect in either. The qualities of both, in his eye, or at any rate, in his mouth, are only exaggerations. The girl is as "beautiful as a full moon, graceful as a young elephant, teeth like the seeds of a pomegranate, her voice as sweet as that of a cuckoo." The description of the youth is somewhat the same. "His deportment is that of a nobleman; he is free from all vices; he studies night and day—in short, he is a perfect jewel." As I have already intimated the arrangements for the marriage of Christians differ from the Hindu customs. The young Christian girl is expected, or has the privilege, to say "yes," after the engagement has been arranged by the parents. The little Hindu girl says nothing. We have had

some amusing experiences connected with the engagements of girls in our boarding school. I enjoyed an account sent me some time ago, by Miss Mame Martin, of an interview between one of our dearest school girls and the young man to whom she was betrothed. His name is Barakat Masih, and his home is in Gujranwala. It is not the custom for even young Christian boys and girls to see much of each other before marriage, and when there is an interview a third person is present.

Ruth was in Sialkot and Barakat wanted to come up from Gujranwala to visit her. He wrote Miss Martin, requesting an interview. She sent him word to come, and she would have Ruth meet him in her home, where she could be present. He came on, and they had their talk in one corner of Dr. Martin's drawing room, while Miss Martin sat in the other end reading a newspaper. Miss M. wrote: "Barakat said to me, in English, that there were some things he wished to say privately. I sweetly smiled and said, 'O! I am not listening to what you say, I am only reading.' However, I brought in papa's new typewriter, which came not long ago, and went to work practicing, thinking the clicking of that would relieve their embarrassment. Ruth was shy about coming in at first, but they soon went to talking as though they meant business. They are both of one mind about one thing, and that is, not going in debt. They were so pleased to find that they were agreed on this. Ruth objected very strongly to his going in debt to buy her jewelry. If he had not found out that she objected, he would probably have gone in debt for some. He was very thankful to me for the interview."

In a late letter I received an account of their marriage, which took place in October. They are very happy in their new home. I am sure Ruth will know how to appreciate a pleasant home. When she became a Christian she was cast off by all her people, and the only home she has had since was in the school. She was always a great favorite with the girls, and her influence was good. MARY J. CAMPBELL.

OUR MISSIONARIES AT HOME FOR REST.

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

THOUGH I never have been a missionary in foreign fields, yet from all over the world God's workers have rested in our "prophet's chamber." For years I have been present at missionary meetings, worked in conventions of all denominations, and been entertained with the representative women in the foreign work. I have met these missionaries in such a way that many of the brightest and most consecrated have laid their burdens and perplexities before me, —never once with a grumbling spirit, often with a merry, and always a brave, heart.

May I now take up a life as though I were a missionary "at home for rest," but seeing the great need of interesting the women in the church, have consented to speak to the women of some society, east or west? I will not put in one incident that I do not know has happened. I will tell my story as simply as possible, and every missionary will recognize the composite picture. Will the women of the church put themselves for one little minute in my assumed place? Will the missionaries I know and love pardon me

for using somewhat of their own language and experiences? Please suppose I left Mrs. Alderman's home a month ago, and write to her :—

MY BLESSED FRIEND: I have not forgotten you, I have not been ungrateful in my silence for your loving care and hospitality; I have not been

"carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease"

since I left your kind roof; but I *have* been busy. That is my excuse for the long delay (of which I am ashamed) in letting you know where I am, and how I have fared since I left you.

The train was late that night for Oak Valley, and I was very thankful for the sensible lunch you put in the little box. There was a Sabbath-school convention in session at Oak Valley, at the opera house, and the big meeting of the convention was held that evening on which I arrived. The corresponding secretary of the Women's Missionary society had forgotten to notify the conference secretary that it would be impossible to have me speak that evening, and all the ladies of the auxiliary had forgotten that I was to come; so there was no one to meet me. I went to the hotel; and after I had washed my face and hands, went to the opera house. As the kind Father would have it, I was taken to a seat beside a Sabbath-school worker, who is also a member of our Women's Missionary society. She was being entertained by a royal Christian, whose home, like her heart, was large enough to take me in. I left the next day for the succeeding appointment, spoke at the missionary convention in the afternoon, made an address in the evening; and when the committee met me at the train before I left, asked what were my expenses, and I told them $1.95; they gave me two silver dollars, quoting the motto on the silver coins, and adding, "We will *give* you the five cents over expenses."

At Berline I was not expected, as the pastor there is not of the "expectant tribe." All arrangements had been made with him by the conference secretary, as our society is dead in that place; but he had not had a letter from her for two weeks, and did not know but she had canceled my engagement. When I reached that place, there being no one to meet me, I went to a hotel. It rained, thundered, lightened, and the wind blew furiously. As soon as it cleared off I went to the parsonage, and found it was prayer-meeting night, and the pastor just ready to go to church. There were six people at prayer-meeting; and at the minister's request, I talked, I sang, I answered questions. All seemed delighted, and we took up a collection of five dollars, that will go to help organize a society; for there would not be ten women in the church to take hold. One woman, a washerwoman, was anxious that there be a society instead of only a band. The next morning at the hotel, that washerwoman came and gave me a dollar toward my expenses. She said: "Last night I lay a-thinkin' and a-thinkin' what I could do for you, for you did me so much good; and all of a sudden I remembered my house plants that Mis' Riley offered me a dollar for. I went over to see her this mornin', and she gave me the dollar."

From Berline to Cherryvale. A rainy, disagreeable day, to find a desolate station, set down in the mud, and nobody nor nothin' there! I sent up town for a hack. At Cherryvale they let you come; and if you come, let you send up to the hotel for a hack, and then they take you to the hotel. I went to the parsonage, to find the pastor and his wife were visiting in Wooster. I found a little hotel, where I got dinner; then went rummaging over town to dig out some Methodists. I dug up two, and learned that my meeting had never been announced. Nobody had ever heard of me! The Women's Missionary society dead. The pastor had been indifferent not only to our work, but to his own,—his habits being such that he was almost wholly unfitted for his place,—the one minister I have ever known of this sort. I hung my harp upon the willow, feeling as desolate as the Jews in a strange land; and went back to the miserable little hotel, with its stuffy rooms, thinking if only we could see as far ahead as we do behind, what a restful week I might have had in your home. What a pity! All the way almost a desert, and no dessert! We could have done so much with our pens in a whole week, and I gone to Lancoste for Sabbath.

I had a very pleasant time there that Sabbath. I was entertained at Dr. Marine's; and had a great, big pleasant room to myself, and could go to it whenever I was tired. I visited the church university, the institute, and looked all over the beautiful city. I went to West Lancoste, and spoke in that church in the morning, and took a collection of $45 besides a good time. In the evening I spoke at Trinity. Had a large and enthusiastic audience; church full; collection, $127. Spoke to the Sabbath-school and Epworth league. Monday afternoon met the ladies of all denominations in Mrs. Dr. Marine's parlors. Left on Tuesday for Tolando, where we held our eighth convention. It rained all the time I was there; but the evening congregation was large, and there were quite a number of delegates from surrounding towns. The audience seemed delighted with the address, and made me talk about an hour longer than I had planned. The pastor begged me to stay over Sabbath and take the services. He said the people were woefully ignorant of what our church was doing through the women in the line of foreign missionary work.

I had a present here, from a beautiful lady, of a picture that I prize highly. This picture, with that little book you saw, and the two dollars that came from that kind-hearted farmer who rode with his wife twelve miles to hear me that Tuesday evening at your home, are all the presents that I have ever received.

Manhattan, Kansas.

PEN PORTRAITS OF ANIWANS.

From autobiography of Dr. John G. Paton, missionary to the New Hebrides.

In heathendom every true convert becomes at once a missionary. The changed life, shining out amid the surrounding darkness, is a gospel in largest capitals which all can read. Our islanders, especially, having little to engage or otherwise distract attention, become intense and devoted workers for the Lord Jesus, if once the divine passion for souls stirs within them. Many a reader, not making due allowance for these special circumstances, would therefore be tempted to think our estimate of their enthusiasm for the gospel was overdone, but thoughtful men will easily perceive that natives, touched with the mighty impulses of Calvary, and undistracted by social pleasures, or politics, or literature, or business claims, would almost by a moral necessity pour all the currents of their being into religion, and probably show an apostolic devotion and self-sacrifice too seldom seen, alas, amid the thousand clamoring appeals of civilization.

A heathen has been all his days groping after peace of soul in dark superstition and degrading rites. You pour into his soul the light of revelation. He learns that God is love, and that God sent His Son to die for him, and that he is the heir of life eternal in and through Jesus Christ. By the blessed enlightenment of the Spirit of the Lord he believes all this. He passes into a third heaven of joy, and he burns to tell every one the glad tidings. Others see the change in his disposition, in his character, in his whole life and actions; and amid such surroundings every convert is a burning and shining light. Even whole populations are thus brought into the outer court of the Temple; and islands still heathen and cannibal are positively eager for the missionary to live amongst them, and would guard his life and property, now in complete security, when a few years ago everything would have been instantly sacrificed on reaching their shores. They are not Christianized, neither are they civilized, but the light has been kindled all around them, and though still only shining afar, they cannot but rejoice in its beams.

* * * * * *

I am now reminded of the story of Waiwai, both because it was interesting for his own personality and also as illustrating our difficulties about the delicate question of many wives. He was a man of great wisdom, and had in his early days displayed unwonted energy. His assistance in finding exact and idiomatic equivalents for me, while translating the scriptures, was of the highest value.

He had been once at the head of a numerous people, but was now literally a chief without a tribe. His son and heir was smitten down with sunstroke while helping us to get the coral limestone, and shortly thereafter died. His only daughter was married to a young chief, and at last, of all his seven wives, only two remained alive.

He became a regular attendant at church, and when our first communicants' class was formed Waiwai and his two wives were enrolled. At communion time he was dreadfully disappointed when informed that he could neither be baptized nor admitted to the Lord's table till he had given up one of his wives, as God allowed no Christian to have more than one wife at a time. They were advised to attend regularly and learn more and more of Christianity till God opened up their way in regard to this matter; that it might be done from conscience, under a sense of duty to Christ, and if at all possible by peaceable and mutual agreement.

Waiwai professed to be willing, but found it terribly hard to give up either of his wives. They had houses far apart from each other, for they quarrelled badly, as is usual in such cases. But both were excellent workers, both were attentive to the wants of Waiwai, and he managed to keep on affectionate terms with both. After all the other men on the island had, under the influence of Christianity, given up all their wives save one, Waiwai began to feel rather ashamed of being the conspicuous exception, or thought it prudent to pretend to be ashamed; and so publicly scolded them both, ordering one or other to go and leave him, that he might be enabled to join the church and be a Christian like the rest. But I learned privately he did not wish either to go, and that he would shoot the one who dared to leave him. I remonstrated with him on hypocrisy, warning him that God knew his heart. At last he said, that since neither of them would depart, he would leave them both and go to Tanna for a year, ordering one or other of them to get married during his absence. He did go, but on his return found them both awaiting him at their respective stations. He pretended to scold them very vigorously in public, but his duplicity was too open, and I again very solemnly rebuked him for double dealing, showing him that not even men were deceived by him, much less the all-seeing God. He frankly admitted his hypocrisy. He loved both; he did not want to part with either; and both were excellent workers!

In process of time the younger of the two women bore him a beautiful baby boy, about which he was immensely uplifted and a short while thereafter the elder woman died. At her grave the inveterate talking instinct of these islanders asserted itself, and Waiwai made a speech to the assembled people in the following strain:

"O ye people of Aniwa, I was not willto give up either of my wives for Jesus; but God has taken one from me and laid her there in the grave; and now I am called to be baptized, and to follow Jesus."

The two now regularly attended church and learned diligently at the communicants, class. Both seemed to be very sincere, and Waiwai particularly showed a very gentle Christian spirit, and seemed to brood much upon the loss of family and people and tribe that had

befallen him. His had been indeed a crushing discipline, and it was not yet complete. For, shortly before the communion at which they were to be received into fellowship, his remaining wife became suddenly ill and died also. At her grave the old man wept very bitterly, and made another speech, but this time in tones of more intense reality than before, as if the iron had entered his very soul.

"Listen all ye men of Aniwa, and take warning by Waiwai. I am now old and ready to drop into the grave alone. My wives kept me back from Jesus, but now they are all taken, and I am left alone without one to care for me or this little child. I tried to deceive the missi, but I could not deceive God. When I was left with only one wife, I said that I would now be baptized and live as a Christian. But God has taken her also. I pretended to serve the Lord when I was only serving and pleasing myself. God has now broken my heart all to pieces. I must learn no longer to please myself but to please my Lord. Oh, take warning by me, all ye men of Aniwa, Lies cannot cheat the great Jehovah God."

Poor broken-hearted Waiwai had sorrow upon sorrow to the full. We agreed to baptize him and admit him to the Lord's table. But a terrible form of cramp, sometimes met with on the islands, overtook him, shrinking up both his legs and curving his feet up behind him. He suffered great agony, and could neither walk nor sit without great pain. In spite of all efforts to relieve him, this condition became chronic, and he died at last from the effects thereof during our absence on furlough.

His married daughter took charge of him and the little boy; and so long as I was in Aniwa during his illness, I visited and instructed and ministered to him in every possible way. He prayed much, and asked God's blessing on all his meals; but all that I could say failed to lead him into the sunshine of the Divine Love, and the poor soul often revealed the shadow by which his heart was clouded by such cries as these,—"I lied to Jehovah! It is he that punishes me! I lied to Jesus."

Readers may think that this case of the two wives and our treatment of it was too hard upon Waiwai, and those will be the most ready to condemn us who have never been on the spot, and who cannot see all the facts as they lie under the eyes of the missionary. How could we ever have led natives to see the difference betwixt admitting a man to the church who had two wives, and not permitting a member of the church to take two wives after his admission? Their moral sense is blunted without our knocking their heads against a conundrum in ethics! In our church membership we have to draw the line as sharply as God's law will allow betwixt what is heathen and what is Christian instead of minimizing the difference.

Again we found that the heathen practices were apparently more destructive to women than to men; so that in one island, with a population of only two hundred, I found that there were thirty adult men over and above the number of women. As a rule, for every man that has two or more wives, the same number of men have no wives and can get none; and polygamy is therefore the prolific cause of hatreds and murders innumerable.

Besides all this, to look at things in a purely practical light, as the so called "practical men" are our scornful censors in these affairs, it is really no hardship for one woman, or any number of women, to be given up when the man becomes a Christian and elects to have one wife only; for every one thus discarded is at once eagerly contended for by the men who had no hope of ever being married, and her chances of comfort and happiness are infinitely improved. We had one chief who gave up eleven wives on his being baptized. They were wi

a single exception happily settled in other homes, and he became an earnest and devoted Christian.

While they remain heathen and have many wives to manage, the condition of most of the women is worse than slavery. On remonstrating with a chief who was savagely beating one of his wives, he indignantly assured me, "We must beat them or they would never obey us When they quarrel and become bad to manage, we have to kill one and feast on her. Then all the other wives of the whole tribe are quiet and obedient for a long time so come."

One has to live amongst the Papuans, or the Malays, in order to understand how much woman is indebted to Christ.

PACKING THE MISSIONARY BOX.

"The ladies of the church are requested to prepare a box of clothing for the family of a retired and destitute minister. Articles donated should be suitable for a slender man of medium height, his wife a little above medium height, a slight young girl of about seventeen years, and a boy of nine. Partly worn or outgrown clothing for said family will be thankfully received."

This is what our minister read from the pulpit one day last Fall. It was not read in the same tone as the other church notices, but low and almost indistinct. There were a good many strangers there. I heard him say once, more than half in earnest, "that he would almost as soon preach his own funeral sermon as far as the pleasure of it was concerned, as to beg publicly for a contribution of this sort."

John, sitting beside me, sighed. He thinks some other means for their relief should be adopted. John says he wonders "why second-hand and outgrown Christian experience is not called for sometimes for retired and destitute church-members." I looked around over the congregation. In the pews were richly dressed men and women, many of them in jewels and costly furs. And the children, too, were dressed superbly. There was nothing in the church that could suggest, "partly worn or outgrown clothing."

Well, we made up that box in the church vestry. I was on the committee, and felt that I was doing some pretty commendable missionary work. We worked hard; a good deal harder than if we had set our heads together to earn money for the relief fund. We were obliged to solicit from house to house, following up the minister's Sabbath notice. At last there was a very generous pile of clothing heaped up on the vestry table. We viewed the result of our labors with thankfulness, and set to work packing the box.

In the bottom were some pieces of old ingrain carpet which we thought might come handy. Above these were some little stockings cut out of old large ones, and ready to be sewed up for "the boy of nine." Some shirt waists, also for the boy, were laid in above the stockings. They were stiffly starched and looked very nicely, folded. When I accidentally dropped one, it revealed itself to be badly worn on the under side of the sleeves, and around the button band just where little boys always tear their shirt waists. But, as I said, they looked nicely, starched and ironed, and I said nothing to the other ladies. In packing these boxes one must not be too particular, so the things are clean; and then, one might give offense by rejecting a garment if it was a trifle worn; offense not to the destitute minister's family, but to some

really notable church member whose good-will we could not afford to lose.

All this was going on in my mind while I took up a much worn silk wrapper, the gift, no doubt, of one of our well to-do ladies. There was little further wear about this wrapper, and the buttons had all been cut off, but its being silk lent our box an air of luxury quite creditable. Then came some white skirts with remnants of costly embroidery on the bottoms. These, like the shirt waists, being starched and clean, appeared respectable; we always prided ourselves on absolute cleanliness in making up these donation boxes.

Next came a jacket for the "girl of seventeen." It had been trimmed once with fur or passamenterie, but the trimming had been all ripped off, while bits of cherry silk on the inside showed it had once boasted of a bright lining. As we would have sent it, the jacket was a plain, gray, somewhat faded garment; but, being warm, and quite capable of "refreshment," we considered it "available," as the editors say.

There was a brown serge dress which had once been garnished with a bright corsage and revers on the skirt. These had been deemed of no consequence to the daughter of a "retired and destitute minister," so they were retained by the former wearer for other purposes.

There was a real pretty cambric wrapper trimmed with seersucker. Traces of "once on a time" pink ribbons were to be detected, and the no doubt beautiful buttons "to match" had all been cut off. Their places were supplied by plain white agate such as are used on underclothing and pillow slips. Of course this substitute spoiled the prettiness of the gown, and one of the ladies ventured to say as much.

Mrs. Richman, who dresses beautifully herself, replied "that the dress was just as useful without the 'buttons to match,' and she thought the person who donated it was very thoughtful to put any buttons on it at all."

There were some half-worn slippers for the minister's use. There were collars and cuffs, too, whose frayed edges were really well concealed by the sheen which only a Chinese laundryman knows how to confer upon old linen.

There were some kitchen aprons which we never unfolded, and some white vests minus their buttons. "Really," said Mrs. Richman, "buttons are so cheap anybody can afford to buy what are needed." There were a pair of old white blankets, ghosts of former comfort. These last were so thin that one could shake them to pieces, but we were careful not to break them in the places. "They might come handy in case of sickness." Mrs. Richman observed.

We packed in some hats and bonnets. Of course the feathers and best ribbons had all been cut off, but the real article was there, and a destitute minister's family would never notice the lack of such things. At least that is what we thought at all about it. There were corsets tucked in around the edges and some gloves with the torn fingers cut off, suggesting mitts which would be "real useful for common wear."

There were a few toys for the boy of nine, for instance, a Noah's Ark. To be sure the animals were minus the greater part of their legs and tails, but they could be repaired, we thought, and the ark itself was there.

On the whole we thought we had quite a respectable box, but it was not full. We got the minister to give notice to that effect the next Sabbath.

When our committee met the following Tuesday to finish our work we found some plump, strange-looking parcels on the vestry table. As it was our duty to inspect everything before it was sent, we opened the bundles, and if ever six

men were surprised in this world then we were astonished.

We found new suits of underclothing for every member of the "destitute minister's family," a bolt of bleached sheeting, a whole web of soft, bright outing flannel, two dress patterns, one blue and the other gray; a complete suit of cheviot for "the boy of nine" with a brand new knife in the pocket, and actually, if you will believe it, it was so strange, a perfectly new warm overcoat for the destitute minister himself.

We blushed, and we laughed, and we cried. We were almost breathless and wordless. We had never heard of such a thing as uncut bolts of sheeting and new dress patterns in a donation box. To give the whole a bit of nature true to life, a bright ribbon dropped out of the blue dress pattern and after spinning around me as if it were alive, settled down right under my hand where I sat on the carpet. The gifts bore no label or signature save the simple inscription done with a typewriter to conceal the handwriting: "In recognition of good and faithful service, many times unrequited, rendered to the church in years gone by, the enclosed articles are affectionately offered."

We looked down into our box of really useless clothing, the corpse of our good intentions, and pulled out the articles one by one. We saw them in all their true characters, faded, worn, many of them threadbare of comfort, starch hidden rags, buttonless, disfigured remnants of past usefulness, and we threw the whole mass behind the vestry door.

As we packed in the new supply from some unknown hand the destitute minister himself seemed to preach us a sermon without words. Or was it some other and better presence which talked to us of early struggles with destitute churches, of self-sacrifice in personal comforts; of the fidelity of the patient wife who forgot herself in the good of many, of the cheerful acceptance of hard fortune by the "girl of seventeen," and the "boy of nine?" Pictures of premature ill-health, of back salaries never mentioned because the church was poor, of possible savings lost by disaster, all this made itself manifest to us while we packed that box.

We felt that it was we who had been destitute, and we pledged ourselves never to solicit old clothes from a congregation that wore "purple and fine linen."

That night I dreamed that it was the Judgment Day. A great many of our church people were there hearing about "the deeds done in the body." Suddenly a great box was rolled in front of the judgmeut seat, and in it were all the partly worn and cast off clothing we had ever donated for retired and destitute ministers. We were frightened, when a voice said lovingly, "I was naked and ye clothed me."

Then I dreamed that we all fell on our faces and cried, for we remembered the frayed linen and worn old blankets. —*The Occident.*

THE COMING YEAR.

Before our feet, untrodden, lies
Another year;
And in our hearts grave thoughts arise,
Imbued with fear.

We know not what for us it holds
In coming days:
If we shall walk through dreary wolds,
Or pleasant ways;

If we shall waken to dismay,
Or glad surprise;
If o'er us shall be gloom of gray,
Or azure skies;

If we shall, pleased, survey at eve
Our work well done,
Or o'er our bootless task shall grieve
At set of sun;

If we shall mourn o'er quenched resolves,
As in the past;
Or joy to think, to know ourselves
Grown true at last;

If we shall weep o'er Christ denied
By deed or word:
Or find—we walking by His side,
Grow like our Lord.

All this is shrouded from our ken;
Hid are our ways
With Him who openeth not to men
His book of days;

And so we dread this stranger year,
And from it shrink;
Yes, fain would pause reluctant here
Upon the brink.

But hark! across the unknown way
No foot hath trod—
Comes to the fainting soul to day
The voice of God!

And courage kindles at the words;
And dread is fought;
For faith and doubt will "measure swords"
At God's "Fear not!"

"For, I, the Lord thy God, will hold
E'en thy right hand;"
We shrink no more from brake or wold
Or desert land!

With Thee into the opening year
We bravely tread;
Our wandering feet shall know no fear—
Divinely led. —*Selected.*

Missionary Correspondence.

LETTER FROM EGYPT.

AMERICAN MISSION,
CAIRO, EGYPT, Dec. 15, 1893.

SOME weeks ago I was reminded that it was my turn to write to you. I had intended to be very prompt and write at once, but there was other work planned for me and mine that we knew not of. For the first time we have been called to give back to God one of our little ones. He claimed our little Eunice on the night of Nov. 22nd at half-past 10 o'clock; and now we miss her in our home, for she is no longer with us.

When she waked on Thursday morning, Nov. 9th, she complained of her throat hurting her, but it was not till the day following that we thought best to call a doctor. When the doctor first examined her he said he thought it was a cold, but promised to come again the next morning. He came about 10 a. m. and said that her symptoms were very much the same, and although he still thought it was *only a cold* yet he advised us to keep her isolated and not unnecessarially expose Edna, who is but two years old. The doctor continued to come twice a day, and watched the progress very carefully, but it was not till Sabbath evening that it appeared to be a clear case of diphtheria. "Now", said he, "what must be done to protect the younger sister? One of the two must leave the house, and on the whole I think it better that the mother and sick child go to the hospital."

Imagine our feelings, going to the hospital to nurse our sick child and being cut off from all the other members of the family! But we saw that it was the best arrangement and submitted to what we very much shrank from. I shall never forget the look on Eunice's face, nor her tone, as she looked at me in my perplexity and said, "Never mind mamma, I'll be with you, I'll stay with you." I had not thought before that she had taken in the situation, for she was only four and a half years old. The doctor wrote to the chief deaconess to prepare a room for us in the contagious ward, and in less than an hour we were there. After Eunice was made comfortable in bed, I sat down to think over what had taken place and what the possibili-

might be. I need not say that it was a dark picture that I drew. We had a very uncomfortable night, and when the doctor came the next morning he found that the disease had made some progress, and still more the next day; so he decided to call another doctor for consultation. The two quite agreed on all that was being done, but told us that it was a serious case.

Our little darling was most patient in bearing the pain and taking the medicine and nourishment, and submitted willingly to all the treatment. She grew better and worse by spells, and naturally our hopes rose or fell according to these changes. After I had been with her alone (with the help of the sisters) for a week, it was thought best that Mr. Giffen should come and help with the nursing. This was a great comfort to us all but especially to dear Eunice.

By this time our hopes were faint, and on Monday morning the doctor told us that he had little, if any, hope. Those were precious hours to us—there alone with our little sick one who would in all probability leave us in a very short time. All during these days of watching I was troubled lest I had failed in making the Saviour's love plain to her. She could repeat many verses from the Saviour's own words and sing the 23rd, the 121st and parts of several other Psalms; still I was afraid I had not led her to see Jesus as *her Saviour*, and I so longed for some word from her that would tell us that we had not failed in this *most important* thing. She was perfectly conscious all the time and always glad to see the dear friends from the mission and others who came so often to the verandah to enquire for her, and often asked that they stand in front of the door so that she could see them.

From the time that the doctor gave up hope her sufferings were at times agonizing, but as soon as the hard choking was over she would look up at us with a smile. We all dreaded the end and feared that it would be very hard, but we prayed the Father that it might please him to spare her from this, and our prayers were answered. She had been very restless up to within two hours of the end when she became quieter and her breathing shorter. We heard her repeat something and stooped to catch the words, but it was indistinct. Then we heard each member of the family mentioned by name, "and make Eunice a good little girl for Jesus' sake, Amen." Then we heard our names again; and then very distinctly, so long as she had breath, she said in the most pleading tones, "For Jesus' sake, Amen," and held out her hands as though expecting some one to take her. She then folded her little hands together as in prayer by the side of her face on the pillow and breathed her last, without moving a muscle;—for she fell "asleep in Jesus."

Very Sincerely,
ELIZABETH GIFFEN.

Mrs. Ewing, of Alexandria, writes under date of December 22nd:

We are in Ramleh now. We came out the first of October and are enjoying the quiet very much. It is such a pleasant change to here after the noise and turmoil of our place in town. I presume you have heard that Miss Frazier is in America. We were very sorry to lose her from the mission work. She was really an educator in the truest sense. She would take these girls in the rough, and in six months they would be tidy, well-behaved, thoughtful children, able to think and reason for themselves. She is now with her mother and sister, and judging from her letters I should say she was enjoying the rest and company of her relations and friends. It is a very

sad thing to be separated all one's life from one's own family. However kind other people are, they can never take the place of one's own near relations.

Miss McDowell and Miss Jamieson have charge of the two schools, and give as much time as they possibly can to the oversight of them, not to interfere with their study of the Arabic. All the schools are closed now for the Christmas holidays. We have had a lovely autumn, but the weather is gradually becoming colder, and we have had some stormy days the past week, raining and blowing very much as it did many years ago, though withal we can scarcely realize that we are just on the eve of Christmas again.

Mrs. Harvey is with us now. She came down last week to consult the doctor here in regard to her eyes, and the doctor is keeping her for treatment.

Mr. Moosa and his wife were here in Alexandria for quite a little while when they arrived, and he preached twice I think with acceptance. Now he is fulfilling an appointment in the upper country till the meeting of presbytery.

ON THE IBIS.

The Ibis lay at Cairo during the summer. We came from Ramleh, September 9, and went on board. After a few days spent laying in stores we started on the 16th up river. We had the pleasant company of Mr. and Mrs. Hart for two weeks.

The first week there was an accident among the crew, By the breaking of a rope a sailor fell on deck and was stunned. He was laid up several days, and was hardly able for work when a more serious accident occurred. We had started one morning with a fair wind, but about ten o'clock a sudden strong wind came up and, while the sailors were trying to reef in a sail, one was thrown off the sailyard into the river and sank immediately and never appeared on the surface again. We were in the cabin of the boat at the time, but were soon aware that something terrible had happened. The sail was left flapping in the wind, the boat pulled to land and search made some distance back along the shore, but no one got sight of the body. The crew were in consternation, and we could not move on till they had somewhat recovered from the shock. As far as is known that was the first life ever lost on the Ibis.

We reached Deirout the last of September, and from there turned back visiting villages on the return trip. We were back in Cairo by the end of November. Our trouble coming down river was seasickness every windy day.

Mr. Ashenhurst preached in towns and villages, three or four of them new places. We noted improvement in nearly all we visited. The meetings and schools are better attended than last year, and the general interest seems greater. There is improvement in building too. Several churches that were building last year have been completed, or are nearing completion, and several new ones have been begun this year. Two or three congregations have chosen pastors this year, and this step has been to the advantage not only of the congregations but also to the neighboring villages. The demand for preachers is much greater than the supply. The number of places without preachers is greater now as the Theological seminary is in session.

ADELLA BROWN ASHENHURST.

FOREIGN NEWS BUDGET.

MARY B. REID.

Mrs. Henry and Miss M. J. McKown provide the Egyptian items. From Assiout they write:

Mr. and Mrs. Moosa were with us about a fortnight, visiting their daughter, Mrs. Maawwad. They have now gone on to Souhag to begin their work. Mr. M. has preached several times in Arabic since his arrival.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashenhurst are making preparations for a camping tour among the villages in their district. This is a new mode of doing mission work in Egypt, and we feel somewhat anxious about its effect upon them, especially upon Mrs. Ashenhurst, for her health is already very much broken down.

We are rejoicing this week over the return of Mr. and Mrs. Finney and the arrival of Miss Buchanan. The former will go on the Ibis for the Nile missionary tour as soon as their goods arrive. Miss Buchanan will remain in Cairo until the annual meeting of the Association, which is to be held in Assiout in February. In the meantime she will be busy examining books, charts, guides, etc., preparatory to her ascent of Mount Arabic. She will make the discovery that the vocal organs are not always subject to the will in Egypt.

Communion was held last month in the Assiout congregation, and fifteen new members were received. There are now 112 female members in that congregation.

Mrs. Adella Brown Ashenhurst relates one of the sad incidents of mission work:

Recently I went to see a woman who was educated in one of our mission schools. Several years ago she became a member of the church. She married a Copt, and for some time after her marriage was a good deal persecuted for being a Protestant. About two years ago, when I was in the town of her residence, she was attending church and seemed very happy. Last year when there we learned that she seldom came to church, and we went to see her. She was glad to see us, but seemed a little afraid of us. A few months ago we were in the town again, and, hearing that she was ill, proposed going to see her, but were advised not to do so. I went, however, a few days ago and heard her story. She seems hopelessly to have given up going to church. She said she had gone several times without her husband's permission, but after each time she had to bear his anger and bad treatment for two months or more.

It is difficult to know one's duty in such a case. It seems cruel not to visit her when she so much needs help and sympathy, yet I fear our going only makes her home life harder to endure.

Miss Jamieson and Miss McDowell write of the work at Alexandria. Miss J. says of the Central school:

The enrollment for the past month was 105. Half of the pupils are under nine years of age. There are five little boys ranging from four to six years of age who are seated together on one bench, and they were pointed out to me at first as "the boys." Many of the girls are Jewesses, and, owing to the Feast of Tabernacles and a marriage, they did not enter school till the middle of the month. After devotional exercises the little ones are dismissed to the lower rooms, where their teachers instruct them of Jesus and His love. May the good seed find lodgement in their hearts, that they may be saved in his kingdom above! The older pupils remain in the upper room, and recite first a Bible lesson. Some have been in the school several years and have become familiar with much Bible truth. May they prove not only hearers of the word but doers also! They always seem eager to talk upon Bible subjects, and we are pleased to see that they have learned also to think.

Many of the girls are clever with the needle, and are marked by their neatness and politeness which have been acquired in school. Miss Frazier, who was their teacher for many years, is very much missed. She was much loved and respected, and though gone she is not forgotten in their prayers.

Arabic, French, Italian and English are all spoken in the school. The older girls are particularly anxious to learn French and English. With the study of language and school work we are kept very busy, and find little time to call our own.

A year ago at this time we were crossing the Atlantic. When I look back and remember the many strange sights of travel, it sometimes seems but yesterday, and again it seems as though years had gone by.

Dr. Ewing has received word that Dr. Lytle and party for India will stop with us for a day. A letter to Mrs. Ewing from Miss Frazier stated that she would spend the winter in Montana with her mother.

Dating a letter from Ramleh, Miss McDowell says:

Every morning at nine o'clock, just as the clock in the steeple over the way proclaims that hour to the people, Miss Jamieson and I, with our books, lunch basket, etc., start for the train. Sometimes we try to learn a word or two on the way. At Alexandria we part, Miss Jamieson going to the mission house and I to Moharrem Bey. I generally arrive when the head teacher, Mr. Katrina, is hearing the Bible class. I remain and listen until the class is dismissed, and then teach the larger girls English. This exercise over, the pupils all gather in one room and we spend some time in singing. Then I am off to the mission house for my own Arabic lessons.

This school opened with few pupils, but by the last of the month thirty-six were enrolled. One of the girls has entered the Central school as a teacher; also to receive lessons. She has grown into womanhood and had thought of remaining at home, but she said, "I cannot stay away. There is no place like the mission school where they pray. I can find it no where else."

The first month here was particularly trying, and it will be by no means easy until we get to understand the language better; also the character and ideas of those about us. Now we must consider everything we say or do lest we make a mistake.

How much we feel the need of strength from a higher power and the guidance of our Shepherd.

A letter from Miss Carrie M. Buchanan, dated Cairo, December 7, says:

We reached this city last evening and received a warm welcome, and all that could be wished has been done for my comfort and happiness. Although I have spent but one day here I am beginning to feel something at home. We left the steamer at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, took luncheon with Dr. and Mrs. Ewing in Alexandria, spent a little time in the school, and started for Cairo at 4 p. m. Mr. and Mrs. Finney went on to Monsourah, where they will stay until their boxes arrive. They and the children were quite well. I am a member of Mrs. Giffen's family, and feel that I am nicely situ-

ated. You have doubtless heard of their sad bereavement, the death of their little daughter.

I went this afternoon with Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Harvey and Miss Smith to a native fnneral. It was simply dreadful to bear the wailing of the poor creatures, and to know that they were unacquainted with the great Comforter.

I hope to begin the study of the language to-morrow. I am anxious to begin the battle, which I am told never ends, in the Arabic language.

From Gurdaspur, India, Nov. 15, '93, Mrs. Caldwell writes:

We have a small school in this city for girls and boys of the low caste. It is kept up by our Missionary Society, and is doing very well. The children are bright, but never having been in the habit of studying, it takes a lot of patience on the part of the teacher. The school began sometime near the first of the year. They studied out of doors till the middle of June, when a little building was rented. The teacher pays half of the rent and lives in part of the house. Her name is Premi. She is a widow, and, being a Christian, exerts a good infinence.

We are glad to tell you that Mrs. Holliday has another little daughter.

We have two subscribers to the Budget this month. Miss Parks writing from Pasrur says:

Well the annual meeting with its work and weariness, its pleasures and perplexities, is over, and we all feel we have received there, in our combined strivings in prayer, in our united Bidle-study, in our conferences on practical subjects and comparison of personal experiences, the inspiration to go forward during the coming year, performing our part more faithfully and trusting His part more implicitly. Examination, too, with its trying ordeals is over for another year, and we heave sighs of relief for the present, and long for the future when we will be wise, like the old missionaries, and won't have to "pass through this mill" annually. And now, annual meeting and examinations being over, we will soon be "pitching our tents toward" the Sodoms round about, with the opposite results, however, from those historically recorded, we hope.

India has two special temperance missionaries now. People are waking up to the need of temperance work here. and it is none too soon.

I want to mention a new book I have been reading of the every day life and every day work of every day missionaries, that shows us to be so purely human that I am sure a perusal of it would dispel from the minds of our friends the idea of wings with regard to us; would take us from the pedestals on which you have mentally mounted us, give us our position by your side, co-workers with you, bearing *only equal responsibility with you* in the work, and create a truer sympathy between us. The book is very amusing and intensely interesting: "The Bishop's Conversion," Cranston & Curts Pub. Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. Price $1.50. It should be in the Missionary Library of every live missionary congregation.

Miss C. E. Wilson sends the following:

November 1st.—Sent our camp out eight miles to Dinanagar, and drove out and found our tent pitched ready to occupy next morning. Worked in D. and the surrounding villages till the ninth. Some of our servants were ill with cold, but soon grew better. We found the days very pleasant, but the nights cool enough for a little fire.

November 9th.—Arose at 6 a. m., and pulled up stakes to move some six miles to Dhariwal. Had a great deal of difficulty getting our camels loaded rightly, and it was 12 a. m. before we got started. Our road lay along the west side of a bank for most of the distance without shade, and the sun beamed down on us most fiercly, giving my sister a bad headache. We stopped at two villages near the roadside and gave to a few willing hearers in each the gospel blessing. Two miles, at the last of our journey, lay along the canal, and we drove past two snakes, about six feet long, that were sunning themselves near the road side. We reached our camping place shortly after our camels, and while the tents were being pitched and put in order, I went to the village and taught the Christian women and girls.

November 10th.—After teaching the ten Christian women and girls, and a cup of tea, we visited the heathen n Dhariwal and two other villages near. They have neretofore seemed prejudiced and unfriendly, but to-day we find the Lord has so opened their hearts that not a word of cavil was heard, and the word was listened to with quiet interest, much to our surprise. In five places we had about 70 grown up hearers. Our hearts are sad when we see the indifference many show for their soul's welfare, and we try to lovingly present their danger and the remedy; but we know it is not by might nor power but by the Spirit conviction will come to their salvation, and on Him we depend.

No word has been received from Dr. Lytle and party since their departure from Port Said, but it is presumed that they have reached their field in safety.

Dear friends in the home land, in these days of economy and struggle, let us never cease to labor and to pray for those who are laboring for us in the far away heathen lands, where spiritual wants are even greater than the physical needs of our own financially stricken country.

Young People's Department.

THE LAMENT OF A MISSIONARY BOX.

Forgotten and forlorn I live
Upon a dusty shelf,
And feel so downcast and so sad
I hardly know myself.
A missionary-box am I,
And better days have seen,
For copper, silver, yes, and *gold*
Within my walls have been.

Now I am empty! No, not quite,
For sometimes you may hear
A mournful jingle from my depths
By *pennies* made, I fear.

I scorn not pennies; no, indeed,
Their worth too well I know,
But twopence *only* in a box
Does make one's spirits low!

When from that meeting long ago
You brought me here with glee,
"Our box shall soon be full," you cried,
"How happy we shall be!"
Bright hopes they were, but quickly dash'd—
Once only full I stood.
And then, your ardor cooled, you thought
That pennies were "no good."

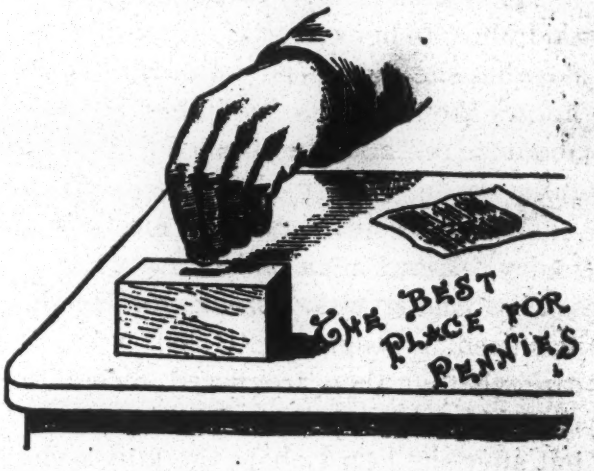
"The missionaries say, indeed,
That pence to pounds soon grow,
But older people ought to give,
We want our money so!"
And thus in emptiness I wait,
And dustier grow each day,
While, heedless of my silent plea,
You round me work and play.

Although each day *you* have three meals,
You never seem to think
That a poor wooden money-box
Can want to eat or drink;
Yet I am always hungry now,
My mouth stands open wide,
Dear children, drop the pennies in,
They'll be *so* safe inside!

My words are poor and weak at best,
I know not how to plead,
But look upon the distant fields
"To harvest white" indeed.
The heathen lie in thickest gloom,
Do you need stronger plea?
Then listen to His voice who said,
"Ye did it unto Me."

The smallest offering for *His* sake
Into the treasury given
He with an eye of love will note,
And own one day in Heaven.
And even here you'll have His smile
While you the words believe
That far "more blessed" 'tis to give
Than only "to receive."

V. M. IN JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.



SERVING IS GIVING.

Jesus bids us shine
Then, for all around;
Many kinds of darkness
In this world are found.
Sin and want and sorrow,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

"Dear me! I haven't a penny to give," sighed poor little Janey, as she finished reading a most interesting story about missions.

"I wish I had a hundred dollars," she continued, with a sudden burst of zeal; "I'd give it, every cent of it. I havn't even an old dress which I can spare. There doesn't seem to be anything that I can give," and the little maiden looked quite doleful.

Janey was the youngest of a large family whose straitened means made great economy a prime necessity. She had just returned from Sabbath school and was reading the papers which had been given her. As she laid down the sketch which had moved her so deeply, she took up another paper, and her eye was at once arrested by one of those interesting stories from *Pansy*. Janey knew at once that she would like it. Let us look over her shoulder and read the story, too, which is called

LITTLE CORNERS.

Georgia Willis, who helped in the kitchen, was rubbing the knives. Some one had been careless and let one get rusty, but Georgia rubbed with all her might; rubbed and sang softly a little song:

"In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your little corner,
And I in mine."

"What do you rub at them knives for-

ever for?" Mary said. Mary was the cook.

"Because they are in my corner," said Georgia, brightly. "'You in your little corner,' you know, 'and I in mine.' I'll do the best I can, that's all I can do."

"I wouldn't waste my strength," said Mary. "I know that no one will notice."

"Jesus will," said Georgia, and then she sang again. "'You in your little corner and I in mine.'"

"This steak is in my corner, I suppose," said Mary to herself. "If that child must do what she can, I s'pose I must. If He knows about knives, its likely He does about steak," and she broiled it beautifully.

"Mary, the steak was very nicely done to-day," Miss Emma said.

Miss Emma was ironing ruffles; she was tired and warm. "Helen will not care whether they are fluted nicely or not," she said; "I'll hurry them over;" but after she heard about the knives she did her best.

"How beautifully my dress is done up," Helen said, and Emma, laughing, answered. "That is owing to Georgia;" then she told about the knives.

"No," said Helen to her friend, who urged; "I really cannot go this evening. I am going to prayer-meeting. My corner is there."

"Your corner! what do you mean?" Then Helen told about the knives.

"Well," said the friend, "if you will not go with me, perhaps I will go with you," and they went to the prayer-meeting.

"I believe I won't go to walk," said Helen, hesitating. "I'll finish that dress of mother's; suppose I can if I think so."

"Why, child, are you here sewing?" her mother said; "I thought you had gone to walk."

"No, ma'am; this dress seemed to be in my corner, so I thought I would finish it."

"In your corner," her mother repeated, in surprise; and then Helen told about the knives.

The door-bell rang, and the mother went thoughtfully to receive her pastor. "I suppose I could give more," she said to herself, as she slowly took out the ten dollars that she had laid aside for missions. "If that poor child in the kitchen is trying to do what she can, I wonder if I am. I'll make it twenty-five."

And Georgia's guardian angel said to another angel, "Georgia Willis gave twenty-five dollars to missions to-day."

"Twenty-five dollars?" said the other angel. "Why, I thought she was poor."

"O, well, she thinks she is, but her Father in heaven isn't, you know. She did what she could and He did the rest."

But Georgia knew nothing about this, and the next morning she brightened her knives and sang cheerily:

"In the world is darkness
So we must shine,
You in your little corner,
And I in mine."

Janey drew a long breath as she finished the story and looked very thoughtful. Then she said to herself: "I suppose that must be what the minister meant when he said to-day, 'that we *give* when we *serve*.' Perhaps I can do that if I watch sharply 'for my corner.'"—*Home Mission Monthly.*

BIBLE RULES FOR GIVING.

Question. What did the Lord Jesus say about giving?

Answer. It is more blessed to give than to receive. (Acts xx, 35.)

Q. What kind of a giver does God love?

A. God loveth a cheerful giver. (2 Cor. ix, 7.)

Q. How have we received, and how should we give?

A. Freely ye have received, freely give. (Matt. x, 8.)

Q. How much should we give?

A. Thou shalt give unto the Lord thy God according as the Lord thy God hath blessed thee. (Deut. xvi, 10.)

Q. What is the least that we should give?

A. Of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee. (Gen. xxv, 22.)

Q. How are our gifts accepted?

A. If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not. (2 Cor. viii, 12.)

Q. How should we honor the Lord?

A. Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of thy increase. (Prov. iii, 9.)

Q. What promise does God make to such?

A. So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine. (Prov. iii, 10.)

Q. What is said of him that pities the poor?

A. He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again. (Prov. xix, 17.)

Q. How shall we give?

A. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver. (2 Cor. ix, 7.)

Q. From whom does God accept offerings?

A. Of every man that giveth it willingly, with his heart, ye shall take my offering. (Ex. xxv, 2.)

Q. What promise is given to those who consider the poor?

A. Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. (Psalm xli, 1.)

Q. What measure shall be given to those that give liberally?

A. Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again. (Luke vi, 38.)

Q. What command does God give about the poor?

A. Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy in thy land. (Deut. xv, 11.)

Q. What about the first fruits?

A. The first of the first fruits of thy land thou shalt bring into the house of the Lord thy God. (Ex. xxiii, 19.)

MRS. W. E. KNOX.

Editorial Department.

It is not too late to fill up the measure of last year's short praying. It is not too late to pray in faith for new blessings for the new year. Let us, therefore, come boldly to the throne of grace.

1794—1894, one hundred years of the Xenia Theological Seminary. We separate these figures by a dash; but the events of this time roll from the eternal past through the eternal present, and on to the eternal future under the almighty control of "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever." One hundred years of labor in the conquest of this world for the conquering King!

Could the prophet Samuel, who was "The first of the regular succession of prophets," and "The Founder of the first regular institutions of religious in-

struction, from which were developed, by a natural order, the universities of Christendom", have looked through the great flight of years to our day, how his heart must have rejoiced at the establishment of this "School of the prophets." May the spirit of the wise patriotism of Samuel abide with us. Let noble thoughts to noble actions lead; and how "Great a cloud of witnesses" beckons us on.

The well named little perodical "The Aurora", of Knoxville College, visits us from time to time and is always welcome. Besides much mission news the late numbers contain an interesting sketch of the early days of the Freedmen's mission, by Mrs. Aggie Wallace Simpson, who was herself a pioneer in the work.

We extract from the letter of a valued correspondent the following.

I was glad to see an article in the December MAGAZINE on the general delegate fund. Can't we hear from a number of the congregational societies before the May convention as to whether they favor a general delegate fund? If any have plans to suggest, let us have them. In the article referred to, one person at least received the impression that each individual member of a society is expected to pay twenty-five cents toward this fund, and suggests that a better plan would be to assess the society according to the number of members.

The General Missionary Society in adopting this plan did not say *how* the money should be raised, and the general opinion was, that it would be taken from the contingent fund of the society, the same as the ten and fifteen cent assessment we have been paying for years past to the contingent fund of the Presbyterial.

The general feeling which prevails is that twenty-five cents is too much, but if the societies are unwilling to pay this amount, I think we will have to reduce the representation. E. S.

Let us hear from societies concerning this matter through our Question Drawer next month.

VALUE OF BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINE.

Do our readers understand the value of the back numbers of the MAGAZINE? "One" enumerates some of the occasions when they have been specially helpful. Appointed to write an exercise upon and of our mission field; back numbers are as useful as current ones; many facts and incidents can be collected which have been forgotten, and which give the paper a freshness and newsiness gained in no other way. Being selected as president, to fill a vacancy, what should I have done without the back numbers? I studied their pages diligently, and by means of the suggestions and questions in Question Drawer, etc., etc., informed myself regarding the various departments of church work. A complete file of the MAGAZINE should be in the possession of every active worker. These can be bound in an attractive binding, at small cost, and will prove invaluable to those who will take the trouble to consult them.

ADVERTISEMENTS! ADVERTISEMENTS!!

Careful readers of the MAGAZINE may observe the absence of some of our profitable advertisements. These were inserted after careful consideration by the committee, hoping they would prove a source of considerable income. If you are interested in the financial prosperity of the MAGAZINE, and will join hands with us in supporting and extending this department of the work, it can be made profitable.

You can help in two ways: First: By soliciting at least one reliable advertisement. This our friends in the cities, especially, can do. Second: By reading the advertisements regularly, and if you see anything that interests you, let the

advertiser hear from you, remembering to state you saw the advertisement in the MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

This is important. Business firms take space, hoping for results. If they are disappointed, they will not continue the favor.

MONIES RECEIVED FOR PUBLISHING MINUTES.

Previously acknowledged	$463 40
Central Ill. Pres.—Harmony, Hoopeston, Piper City, Paxton, Washburn	5 00
Albany Pres.—Albany	1 00
Omaha Pres.—S. Omaha, Kearney, Orchard	3 00
Total received	$472 40
Total cost	625 25
Deficit	$152 85

In order to meet the expenses of publishing the minutes, the General Convention directed the Presbyterial treasurer to collect one dollar from "each society auxiliary to Presbyterial societies and forward to the treasurer of the MAGAZINE committee," who was thus constituted treasurer of this fund. This calculation of one dollar from each auxiliary society is based upon the number of societies reported in the statistical table. When congregations report more than one society, of course one dollar is to be collected from each society so reported. At least 152 societies, for the most part in the large congregations which report a number of societies in each, have not responded, and in consequence bills from Shaw Bros., for publishing statistical tables, to the amount of $62.25, and from Mashall & Beveridge, for publishing minutes, to the amount of $100, remain unpaid.

MRS. J. G. CARSON,
Treasurer of Minutes Fund.

LETTER FROM JAPAN.—Miss Grace Tucker, formerly of Rochester, N. Y., a missionary in Japan writes:

We have been quite interested in the accounts of the Japanese Shinto and Buddhist priests in their representation of the Parliament of Religions. Some of their remarks are very flowery and calculated to influence the minds of the people and excite public interest, if no impression be made on the hearts. But to us living right among the people who are being "elevated" (?) by these "religions" these representations seem quite absurd. It seems very funny to us living in the interior of Japan that one of these orators should say that a stranger traveling in Japan would not be greeted with "Hello John," but would be treated kindly and courteously by all. Now we scarcely ever walk through the streets without hearing persons calling after us, "Foreigner!" "Barbarian!" "Foreign fool!" and other "pet names," and it is not at all unusual to have a stone thrown at us, or sand or gravel, and occasionally a native Christian receives such greeting. Shintoism and Buddhism are, therefore, not quite so productive of the high civilization of a faultless courtesy as their representatives made them to appear five thousand miles from home.

Mrs. Abbie M. Stebbins wrote, *en route* from Mediterranean sea, off Sicily, November 4, 1893:

"After leaving New York we found we had another missionary party on board, Rev. and Mrs. Lytle and nine-year-old daughter, and two young ladies going to North India under the United Presbyterian Board. When we parted at London (for they went overland) we felt we had left our own."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DR. JOHN G. PATON, MISSIONARY TO THE NEW HEBRIDES.

In our June number we gave a notice of this remarkable book, but we wish again to call attention to it. The extract which we make in this number from the chapter, "Pen Portraits of the Aniwans" will give you an idea of the simplicity and vigor of style. There is perhaps often a temptation, for the sake of inspiring euthusiasm at home, to call attention to the bright side of the picture, but this impresses us as a singularly faithful presentation of the shadows, as well as lights, of a heroic and success-

ful work among a strange people. The narrative and adventure with which it abounds hold the young as well as the old. But over and through all there breathes the life of a soul devoted to the Master's service in a degree seldom witnessed. The reading of it cannot but serve as an inspiration to higher and nobler effort.

Address, FLEMING H. REVELL CO.
Publishers.
New York, 30 Union Square East, or
Chicago, 148, 150 Madison Street.

We are pleased to note that Dr. Mary Pierson Eddy, having most successfully passed a rigid examination by the Medical Board of the Ottoman empire, has just received the first medical diploma ever given to a woman in Turkey. We had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Eddy as a sweet bright little girl some years since in her father's home in Sidon, and hence are particularly interested in her success, and glad to know that the months of patient effort spent by her in Constantinople have secured a change in the laws of the country, allowing a woman to take the examination. Being a daughter of Dr. William Eddy, of the Presbyterian Mission at Beyrout, she possesses a thorough knowledge of the people among whom she is to practice and of their language, and hence can enter upon her duties at once.

[Extracts from a private letter of Rev. Ibrahim Moosa.]

"After a very pleasant visit with our children in Asyoot we came to this place (Sohag,) in which we found the house for us to live in quite ready. It contains five rooms. The climate is good. We like the place, but we can not tell how much dust one has to contend with. Oh, how much we can not tell!

Sitt Fareda got a black girl from Soudan to help her. We like her very much; her wages are $1.50 a month. Sohag is about 70 miles from Asyoot up the Nile. The members of the congregation here are about twenty-four, but the attendance about forty men and women. About 20 attend our prayer-meetings.

Concerning our work here: I preach and teach alone without anybody to help me in my labors. The labor is very hard. I have to preach two sermons on the Sabbath; Monday evening, a prayer-meeting; Tuesday morning, I preach a sermon to the ladies, who number about twenty; in the evening of the same day, hold a Bible class; Wednesday evening, a sermon; Thursday morning, another sermon to the ladies; in the evening of that day, hold a Bible class again; Friday evening, a sermon. That is six sermons weekly, two Bible classes and one prayer-meeting. It is hard, hard work indeed. But "Who is sufficient for these things." We need more grace. Pray for us that we may love our Master more.

We have here in this small town which has about 13 thousand inhabitants, many things, such as grain, fruits and vegetables. Sitt Fareda told me to tell you to come and visit us. We both bid you all a Happy New Year."

Dr. John G. Paton, the well-known missionary to the New Hebrides, has given to that mission the proceeds of his "Autobiography", amounting to $25,000.

Rev. E. E. Fife and wife have arrived safely in this country, and are at present in his father's home at West Point, Ohio.

It is matter for gratitude that our out-going missionaries, both to India and Egypt, have made their long voyages in safety, and have cheered the hearts of their brethren, not only by their much needed help but also by bringing them in touch once more with the dear home-land.

WHAT OUR FRIENDS SAY OF THE MAGAZINE.

We wish our loyal friends could catch the inspiration that comes from the varied letters that pass before us. Allow us to run through our letter box and glean a few cheery bits of encouragement as the next best thing.

"I see on my last MAGAZINE in big red letters, 'Your subscription expires with this number.' I smiled when I saw it, for I thought it was an error as *I* have taken the MAGAZINE since its first issue and paid for it in advance. Last year I took *two* copies and gave one away, and I would not do without it for a dollar. If by some error in our list I have failed to be credited, I will forward the extra amount. Let it be as it will I must have my MAGAZINE."

"I see that missionary societies are expected to defray the expense of publishing the minutes of the last convention. I enclose *one dollar* for our share. We have had no meetings of our society of late although I have made the effort several times. So if it is ever revived it will be by others. I am now aged and feeble, and feel that the work should fall into younger hands. Please excuse this infliction for the sake of the dollar. May God's blessing rest on the MAGAZINE and all connected with it, is the sincere prayer of your sincere friend."

DEAR FRIENDS:

You have been very kind to send us the MAGAZINE since August without the money. For your kindness you have our very sincere thanks, but now I will enclose the money. We have not much to spare, but you cannot afford to send it free, so I will pay for it now and hope to be able to be more prompt in future. We are old people and live by ourselves, but God is very good to us, and while we have not very much of this world's goods we enjoy good health, for our age. Many old people have died very suddenly around us, "and we know not what the day may bring forth," so we should be living as though every day was our last. This is our day for missionary meeting in———, and as it is a pleasant winter day and Mr.—— is going there, I am intending to go. I do not get to attend many meetings. I think they sent their $1 for publishing the minutes, but I will send an extra dime, as I like them best in their present form. And now wishing you and yours many Happy New Years, I am as ever yours,

---

Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter, chairman of the Literature committee, authorizes us to announce that leaflets on "Giving" will be sent to all congregational societies shortly for their use in February and March meetings.

"Woman's Relation to Missionary Work," is the title of an address delivered by Rev. W. R. Gray, pastor of United Presbyterian church at Coin, Iowa, before the annual meeting of the Women's Presbyterial Missionary Society of College Springs Presbytery, at Dearfield, Iowa, October 24, 1893. It is printed by request, in neat leaflet form. Mr. Gray has our thanks for a copy. As it was an inspiration to those who heard, so may it be also to those who read.

A pretty little leaflet from far-away Egypt has found its way to our desk. It is the programme of the yearly examination of the Evangelical High School, Asyoot. It comes with the compliments of Rev. J. R. Alexander. We join with the "Neshira" (the Mission publication) in asking that God may guide the pupils to the knowledge which will be truly useful in the present time and in the future also.

STUDIES FOR MISSIONARY SOCIETIES FOR 1894.

MARCH.—The Thank-offering.
APRIL.—Missionary Literature.
MAY.—Our Congregational Societies.
JUNE.—The Women's Board and General Society.
JULY.—Mission in Egypt.
AUGUST.—Mission in India.
SEPT.—Home Missions.
OCT.—Warm Springs Mission.
NOV.—Freedmen's Missions.
DEC.—Our Benevolent Institutions and a Review.

PROGRAMME FOR MARCH.—THE THANK OFFERING.

Another year of work in our missionary societies is almost numbered with the past. What have its hours given to us?

A year of tender mercies.

A year of long suffering and kindness.

A year of daily blessings.

A year of precious privileges.

Has each hour recorded our thanksgiving?

Has each daily gift to the Lord been given?

List to the Thanksgiving Clock, which *has, or has not* sounded forth, with every hour of the year, our thanks to God the "Giver of every perfect gift."

Tick tock! Tick tock!
Hear the Thanksgiving Clock;
It hath a voice for every hour,
Words of soft persuasive power;
Would you know what it is saying
In its ceaseless, solemn swaying.
Thanks, it speaks with every sound
To God, the Giver, *the whole year round*.

Sisters of the United Presbyterian churches, plan for every home to have its "Thanksgiving Clock," year after year, that we may with the Psalmist echo its voice in saying, "We, thy people, and sheep of Thy pasture, will give Thee thanks *forever*."

INGATHERING OF THANK-OFFERINGS—SUGGESTIONS.

1. Hold your meeting at such an hour during the first week in April as will secure the largest attendance of your congregation, and either open or close the service with a social hour.

2. Advertise the meeting as fully as possible and aim to interest the Young People's and Children's Societies by giving them a special place on the programme.

3. Open your programme with a service of song. Follow with Bible service, either by reading verses responsively, or verses repeated, or a Bible reading with songs interspersed.

4. Have a season for thanksgiving prayers and short personal testimonies, calling on members to thus openly acknowledge God's goodness to them. This service should be spirited and right to the point, having but two or three sentences given from each one, that a large number may engage in it.

5. Have each society in the congregation give a brief review of its year's work, and its needs for the coming year. (Soliciting new members at close of service.)

6. Have brief answers (prepared beforehand) to the question, "What have we to be thankful for as a result of our church work in Egypt? In India? In the Home field? Among the Indians? Among the Freedmen? In our own congregation? These answers, if given in the form of a brief summary of work done and good accomplished, will prove instructive to the many who fail to read the minutes of the General Assembly and Women's General Missionary society. Intersperse these with songs, one verse at a time.

7. Call for the bringing into the Lord's Treasury (a labelled basket), the Thank-offerings from boxes and envelopes, while the congregation sings Bible Songs 132, and have the pastor ask God's blessing upon them.

8. Give the offerings to a committee to count and report at close of meeting.

9. A short address from the pastor on, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?" or some topic that will bring home to the hearts of all the truth that we are not serving the Lord aright *unless we do render thanks unto Him.*

10. Close with singing Bible Songs 126,

To render thanks unto the Lord,
It is a comely thing, &c.

If these suggestions, or others that present themselves to the workers throughout the church, be faithfully carried out, good will surely result to both pastor and people, and to God's cause.

Your Literature Committee, in charge of the Thank-offering work of the church, has sent out over 3,000 boxes in response to orders during the past six months. These, with the 33,000 given out last year (which we trust were returned to the owners for use in collecting the offering this year), supplied a large number of families, so that there are but few congregations in our entire United Presbyterian church in which there are no Thank-offering—"*blessing* boxes." (We would kindly urge these few to fall into line at once, and order the boxes for the coming year.)

Thank-offering envelopes should be given out to all members of congregations not having the boxes in use. These envelopes can be secured, free of cost, from Literature Committee, 824 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa., and should be given out the Sabbath previous to the "Ingathering," after an announcement from the pulpit in regard to the meeting.

It is important that all the Thank-offerings be gathered in time to send with your congregational delegate to the April meeting of the Presbyterial. *Send the money in form of a check made payable to your Presbyterial Treasurer, and do not take the money to Presbyterial in currency.*

As our mission year does not close until May 1st, endeavor to place in your boxes the amount necessary to make up the daily offering for the entire year. Where holders of boxes are outside of the bounds of any United Presbyterian congregation, or Women's Presbyterial, let the contents of boxes be sent in form of check or postoffice order to our general treasurer, Miss E. J. Sloan, 5170 Liberty avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., before the middle of April. This will insure your gift being reported at the Women's General Convention in May.

In every case let the boxes be returned to the owners after the "Ingathering," as this form of systematically giving of at least one penny a day Thank-offering has been permanently adopted by the Annual Convention. New boxes will be sent wherever ordered.

This year no special sum was asked for, but the women of our churchs have no less reason for Thanksgiving than last year, and *we have confidence in them* that a large sum will be poured into the Lord's Treasury through these daily offerings, for His cause.

In arranging programmes consult the March numbers of THE WOMEN'S MAGAZINE, for several years past; for Bible readings, praise services, etc.

Bible responsive service can be procured from Mrs. E. J. McPherson, 409 Morewood avenue, E. E. Pittsburgh, Pa., at 10 cents a dozen.

LITERATURE COMMITTEE,
824 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WOMAN'S WORK IN HOME MISSIONS.

Experience in the work of home missions, as in the earliest gardening and home-making, showed that "it is not good that the man should be alone." Probably no reader of this MAGAZINE can remember when women in our churches did not have "sewing societies," a chief part of whose work was the Dorcas-like making of garments not only for the des-

titute in their own neighborhoods, but to replenish boxes of clothing and other household comforts to be sent to home missionaries, whose salaries, from their people and the treasury of the Board of Home missions, were known to be too often painfully inadequate. This has always been, and probably will never cease to be a favorite womanly ministering to Christ in the person of his missionaries. It gives a charm and a sweetness of domesticity to the work of Home Missions, which it could not derive from masculine administration alone. There are probably no more delightful or more holy experiences of affectionate provision and thankful reception of needed comforts than have been and still are exemplified in groups of godly women preparing and packing "missionary boxes", and grateful missionary households thankfully opening them in their homes.

This long practiced feminine beneficence has not exhausted, but only trained and developed the feminine energy of our church.

Within recent years this energy has sprung forth into demonstration of woman's power for organization and combination and executive administration, which is the marvel and the delight of the whole brotherhood. God grant that this genuine admiration for discovered womanly power be not taken by men to excuse themselves from labor for Christ. Let them rather thankfully accept this needed help to multiply the church's efficiency.

A. W. Livingston's Sons, whose advertisement appears in this number, are of our own church and reliable business men. Rather a large order filled by them for us last year proved entirely satisfactory, and we take pleasure in making mention of the fact. In ordering please say that you saw the advertisement in the MAGAZINE. This will help us, which we are sure you wish to do.

Reports of Societies, Etc.

January Report Women's Board.

Board met Tuesday, January 2d. The President being absent on account of illness, First Vice-President Mrs. Mary C. Porter presided.

FOREIGN.

Secretary reports from Miss McCahon, India, asking for school supplies for the primary department. Miss McKown has decided to come home and to enter the U. P. Home for aged, at Wilkinsburg, where a room has long been ready for her. Dr. Johnson writes that there is no one to take Dr. White's place, as yet. Foreign Secretary expects to go East in a few days to arrange for a medical missionary.

HOME.

Secretary reports Miss McCool, of Indianapolis, giving an account of the Christmas festivities; 143 average in Sabbath school.

Miss Curry reports from Alameda, California; has been in this place six weeks; found 80 families who do not attend church.

Mrs. Maria L. Gasten, of Tacoma, sends a short report; has made 50 visits. The government allotting agent at the Warm Springs agency has agreed to the allottment of the ground on which the house and church stand.

Park Avenue, Omaha, and Topeka, Kansas, each apply for a home missionary.

FREEDMEN.

Secretary reports from Norfolk industrial department, 228 in attendance. Miss Mabon, Bible reader, made 108 visits.

Chase City, 88 in sewing department.

Henderson, N. C., reports classes in sewing and housekeeping full, and a lively interest manifested.

Knoxville: 125 loaves of bread are

baked daily by five sets of men, each one having a special part for which he is responsible. Cake making is in charge of one girl. 1,000 tea-cakes, 20 large pans of ginger bread and 24 large cakes are baked each month. Bible reader, Miss McCahon, made 52 visits and holds mothers' meetings. Clothing needed here. Athens fairly well supplied.

CHURCH EXTENSION.

Secretary reports two new applications for churches and parsonages. Woodruff avenue, Indianapolis, favorably decided.

One additional secretary of Junior Missionary work reported from Southern Illinois.

December Receipts, $2653.64.
" Disbursements, 5191.79.

MARY W. PORTER.
Secretary.

NOTICE TO PRESBYTERIAL SECRETARIES.

In accordance with the recommendation adopted by the General Missionary Societies, Recording Secretaries of Presbyterial Associations are requested to send their full names (Mrs. or Miss) and addresses, with time of annual or semi-annual meetings, to the secretary of the General Missionary Society, in order that the blanks for the annual reports can be mailed to the proper parties. We hope this matter will be attended to at once as the blanks will be ready to mail early in February. Not more than six secretaries have as yet complied with this requirement.

Societies contributing not less than ten dollars a year, where there is no Presbyterial Association, will be furnished with blanks and given a place in the annual report.

Please do not delay in this matter.

MARY W. PORTER,
Sec. W. G. M. S.
No. 814 N. Negley Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

[When not otherwise specified, the money is from the W. M. S. of the place named.]

Receipts for the month of August, 1893.

Foreign.—Sidney Pres., 30; 2nd Des. Moines, 8; Willamette for India, 12.50; Shilot, 12; Madison, Ind., 5; Stone Valley, 10; Tuscarora, 8; 3rd Pittsburgh Y. W. (McCrory Soc.,) towards outfit of Foreign Missionary, 20.

Foreign Salaries.—Miss Martin, Mansfield Pres., 34.75; Miss C. E. Wilson, Des. Moines, Pres., 45; Miss Jamieson, New York Pres., 5; Miss Parks, Cedar Rapids Pres., 55; Miss Campbell, Monmouth Pres., 17.50; Miss Smith, Northwood Sidney Pres., 10; Garnett Pres., 8; Miss Given, Indiana Pres., 59.28.

Foreign Specials.—Mrs. Mary Robertson, Colla, N. Y., for Dr. White, 5; Cedar Rapids Pres., for Rawal Pindi, 20.

Home and Salaries.—Southern Illinois Pres., 10; 2nd Des. Moines, 7; Monroe, 5; Cedar Rapids Pres., 15; Elvira, 6; Kirkwood, 10; Richmond, Kan., 3.

W. S. Indians.—1st Monmouth, 30; Monongahela Pres., 120.

Freedmen's.—Southern Illinois Pres., 10; 1st Des. Moines, 6; Willamette, 5; Cedar Rapids Pres., 5; West Beaver, furnishing girls Hall Knoxville, 10; Miss Jennie K. Denham and sister, Wellsville, O., furnishing Girls' Hall, Knoxville, 25.

Church Extension and Parsonage.—Sidney Pres.,. 16; Spokane, interest on Parsonage loan, 82.40; Colorado Springs, interest on Parsonage loan, 87.50.

Home for the Aged.—Plain Grove, 10.25.

Miseellaneous.—33rd St., Pittsburgh, to reduce mortgage, 100.

E. J. SLOAN,
Treasurer.

Receipts for the month of September, 1893.

Foreign.—De Witt, 5; 1st Los. Angeles, 11; 1st Los. Angeles Mission Band, 10; Muskingum Pres., 2; Unity Chillicothe Pres., 5; Frankfort Pres., 20; Duncanville, 2; Morea, 2.50; Leechburg, 9; Troy, 10; Frankfort Pres., 10; College Springs Pres.. 5; Sewickley L. M. and A. S., 10; Cedar Creek, 21.50; Aledo, 11; Beaver, 7; Neshannock, 15; Beaver Falls Y. L. M. S., for India, 5; Camp Run, 5.40; 1st New Castle for Egypt, 15.

Foreign Salaries.—Miss Thompson, Muskingum Pres., 56.75; Dr. Johnson, Westmoreland Pres., 74; Miss McCahon, Chartiers Pres., 120; Miss Young, College Springs Pres., 53; Miss Given, Allegheny Pres., 90; Miss Hogg, 3rd Allegheny Y. L. M. C., 12.50; 2nd Allegheny, 25.

Foreign Specials.—Walton, for pupil in Assyoot Girls School, 6.25; Canonsburg, for pupil Sialkot, 12; Sewickley, Fellowship Soc., Education Egyptian boy, 5: Sewickley Dorcas Soc., for same, 5.

Home and Salaries.—1st Brooklyn, 10; Muskingum Pres., 15; Unity Chillicothe Pres., 5; Duncanville, 1; Arkansas City, 5; Unity Westmoreland Pres., 14; Troy, 12; Peter's Creek, 15; Chartiers, 50; 1st Washington, 20; Frankfort Pres., 10; College Springs Pres., 2; Pine Creek, 10; 7th Allegheny, 10; Sewickley Fellowship Soc., 5; 4th Allegheny Y. L. A. Soc., 15; 1st Ch Mission Allegheny, Good Will M. Band, 10; Bellevue, 25; Sewickley, Dorcas Soc., 5; West Bellevue Golden Rule, 10; West Bellevue Willing Workers, 5; West Bellevue Y. P. S. C. E., 5; 2nd Allegheny, 37.50; North Henderson, 4.80; Beaver Y. L. M. S., 13; Camp Run, 5.40; 1st New Castle Y. L. M. S., 3; 2nd New Castle Y. P. S. C. E., 5; West Bellvue, 30; West Bellvue Gleaners, 10; West Bellvue Busy Bees, 10.

W. S. Indians.—Warm Springs Cong., 3.50; Peebles, 10; Ninnescah, 5.80; Fairfield and Ligonier, 5; Sewickley L. M. and A. S., 10; Springdale, 15; W. Bellevue 30; West Bellevue Gleaners, 13; Beaver, 6; Beaver Falls Y. L. M. S., 5; Mt. Jackson, 8.

Freedmen's.—2nd New Wilmington, furnishing room in Girls Hall Knoxville, Tenn., 25; 2nd Wilkinsburg, to educate a boy at Henderson, N. C., 13; Muskingum Pres., 10; Bloomington, 10; Duncanville 1; Morea, 7.50; Hoopeston, 5; and Mrs. Dr. Ingle Hoopeston, 5, both for Norfolk; Colony, 2.65; Towner, 4.50; Fairfield and Ligonier, 5; 3rd Philadelphia, 15; College Springs Pres., to furnish rooms at Knoxville, 44.50; 1st New Castle Y. L. M. S., 3; 2nd New Castle Y. P. S. C. E., 10; 8th Philadelphia, 25; 9th Philadelphia, 10.

Little Girls' Home Tenn.—Miss Mary Hamilton, deceased, formerly of Elvira Mission Band, 1.13:

College Springs Pres , 25.

Church Extension and Parsonage.—Le Claire Prairie, 5; Muskingum Pres., 3; Venice, 16; College Springs Pres., 10.80; Beaver, 6.

Ministerial Relief.—Bethel, (Md.,) 6; Santa, Ana., 16.40; Mt. Pleasant Chartiers Pres., 10.

Orphans' Home Allegheny.—Summerville M. Band, 2.05.

Memorial Hospital Allegheny.—4th Allegheny Fulton M. Band, Milk Fund, 4.57.

Aged Peoples Home.—2nd Washington, Pa., 10; Muskingum Pres., 3.

Contingent Fund Women's Board.—Interest on investment, 50.

Miscellaneous.—33rd St., Pittsburgh, to reduce Mortgage, 100.

E. J. SLOAN,
Treasurer.

QUESTION DRAWER.

[Address communications for this department to Miss E. W. Pollock, Erie, Pa.]

QUESTION.—Dear reader, has the thought ever suggested itself to your mind that this department was opened that you might take part in discussing questions that arise from time to time in regard to the women's missionary work? If so, where is your *pen*?

There are questions of importance lying in the drawer unanswered that should be thoroughly discussed before the May meeting. Look them up, and tell us what you think on the subject.

We would suggest that these questions be discussed in the monthly meetings of the societies, and some one be appointed to send the result of the discussion to the editor of the drawer. This would make some one responsible for this work and save us from fulfilling the old saying, "What is everybody's business, is nobody's business," and enable the drawer to accomplish the end for which it was designated, and encourage the editor in her work, which is also *your* work.—ED.

SUGGESTIONS.

The Women's Missionary Society of the Baptist church have a missionary calender. Each day of the year the name of a missionara is given with a short sketch of his or her work, and the women of the church are asked to pray each day for the missionary whose name is given. The missionaries also, have these calendars and when they come to their names they know that on that day all the women of the church are praying for them. What a blessing and inspiration it must be to them.

The "Missionary Herald" (Baptist) for November gives an excellent illustration of what admirable results the modern art of picture making is able to achieve. The life-like faces appear of 14 missionaries about to depart for their fields; and how much easier it now is to follow them with our prayers!

MRS. ANNA M. JONES.

Mrs. Anna M. Jones peacefully fell asleep in Jesus December 9th, 1893, at her home in Richmond, Indiana, in the 65th year of her age.

MRS. J. M D. HERVEY.

Resolutions on the death of Mrs. J. M. D. Hervey, of 33d Street U. P. church, Pittsburgh.

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father has taken unto Himself our beloved president.

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to the will of Him, "who doeth all things well."

Resolved, That in the death of sister Hervey our M. S. lamented the loss of an incomparable member; that we ever keep green the memory of her zeal in the Master's cause and the amount of work she accomplished for Him, although suffering from a painful and lingering illness; that we prayerfully strive to emulate her Christian character and keep up to the high standard she established.

Resolved, That we tenderly condole with the bereaved husband—our pastor—and the family of her mother.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and a copy sent to the W. M. M. for publication.

MRS. NETTIE E. SPOHN,
MRS. NANNIE GRIFFITH,
MRS. ANNA WALLACE,
} Com.

MRS. KATE SMITH.

The W. M. S., of Fredericksburg, record with sorrow the death of Mrs. Kate Smith, on November 15, 1893. God who doeth all things well called her home. May we be submissive to His will, and hear Him saying to us, "Be ye also ready." She was a cheerful, untiring, Christian worker. She will be missed in the church, in our society and in her home. We extend our sympathy to her husband and children, to whom she was a true wife and mother, and commend them to the Saviour that she loved.

MRS. W. E. SHAW,
MRS. EMMA GARDNER,
MRS. ANNA SMITH.
} COM.

Notices.

All remittances of money and letters containing names of new subscribers, or changes of address, should, without exception, be sent to the Treasurer

MRS. J. G. CARSON, Xenia, O.

The fact that THE MAGAZINE is sent and received is deemed a sufficient acknowledgment of moneys received for subscription, but a special receipt will be mailed to those desiring it, on sending an addressed postal card.

It is desired that money be sent by draft, post-office or express order, or by registered letter, which may be done at our risk. If postage stamps are sent they *must not* be of a higher denomination than two cents, and should be carefully wrapped so as not to adhere.

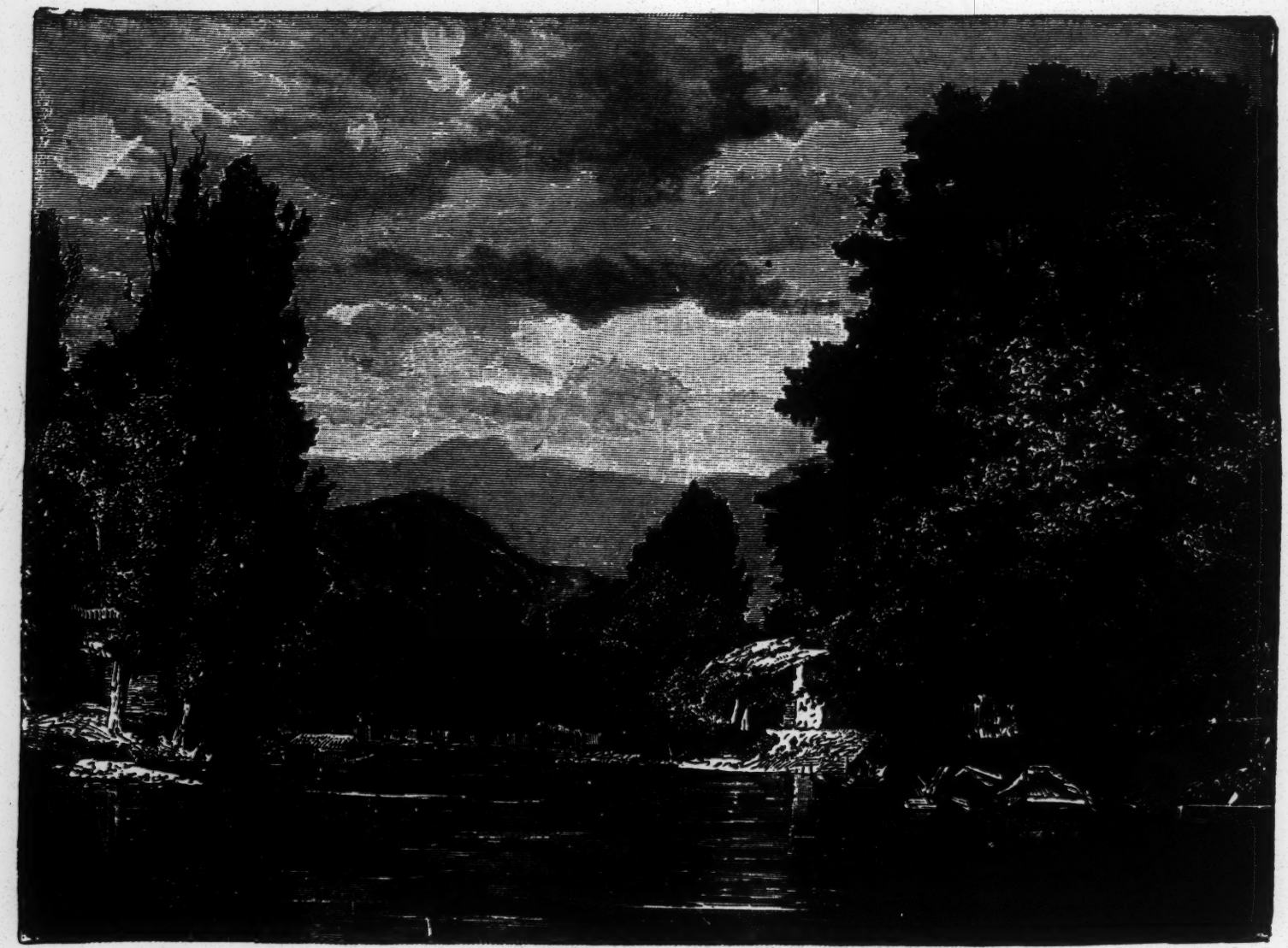
Resolutions, notices of death, etc., intended for publication in the MAGAZINE, are charged for at the rate of *one cent per word*, payable in advance. Persons sending in such articles can readily calculate the cost and should remit the money with the subscription.

PATENTS
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS
COPYRIGHTS.

CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business. Communications strictly confidential. A Handbook of Information concerning Patents and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the Scientific American, and thus are brought widely before the public without cost to the inventor. This splendid paper, issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. $3 a year. Sample copies sent free.

Building Edition, monthly, $2.50 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in colors, and photographs of new houses, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest designs and secure contracts. Address MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 BROADWAY.



MOONSHI BAGH.